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"THE DEATH OF THE MAIDEN."

BY ——, OF S. C.

Through a forest seer and sober, in the golden
clad October,
Autumn winds were softly sighing, Summer
leaflets falling, flying,
Dying, dying every-where,
I was wandering, slowly walking, I was wooing
slowly talking—
Ah, it seems but yet so late—with a maiden tall
and stately,
With a maiden frail and fair.

How she lingered as she listened, and her eye
with tear drops glistened,
All her brow and bosom blushing, came those
words so gently gushing,
Take me, love me, I am thine.
Ah! those words were whispered lowly, ah!
that row it seemed so holy
Falling sweetly, falling faintly, as a vesper
psalm so saintly,
As a psalmody divine.

Came then sickness, and in anguish, day by
day I watched her languish,
Watched her waning, watched her wasting, oh,
the agony of tasting
Those mad moments of despair.
Vain were all the arts of healing, blight was
o'er her beauty stealing,
Vain our wailing, vain our weeping, cruel death
came creeping, creeping,
Caring not that she was fair

After one long night of sorrow, ere the dawning
of the morrow,
From the taper dimly burning, gently to the
maiden turning,
Something whispered she is dead
Doubting, fearing, still uncertain, dreading yet
to lift the curtain;
Something seemed to hover 'round her, angels
then I knew had found her,
Know I then her soul had fled.

From her cold embrace they tore me, from her
lifeless form they bore me,
But our souls they could not sever, we shall
meet again forever—
Aye, forever hand-in hand.
Time is flowing, time is flowing, o'er her grave
the grass is growing,
Waves the willow o'er her weeping, but her
sainted soul is sleeping
Sweetly in the spirit land.

—*Exchange.*

STANDING ALONE.

BY J. B. SWETT.

I'm standing alone on the wave worn shore,
Where the wild winds shriek and the surges
roar,
And I'm straining my eyes o'er the seething
tide,
For a glimpse of the shore on the other side

There are forms that I know, there are eyes
that beam
On me at times when I sleep to dream,
There are voices low, and of silvery tone,
That speak to my soul as I stand alone.

There are hearts that beat, there are sighs that
swell,
And words that carry a witching spell;
There are clappings of hands, there are lips
that meet,
There are lines of joy that those lips repeat.

There are troths to plight, there are trysts to
keep—
Harvests of love on the shore to reap,
Meetings of spirit—of heart with heart—
Meeting of souls that never will part.

But oh! the billows in anger roar
Between me here and that happy shore,
And the flying clouds that darken the sea,
Hide the forms I love forever from me.

—*Exchange.*

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore
All my life long had I loved her

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins My first recollection is of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore

Later, still, I see myself at the little schoolhouse, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, from other boys besides me, liking her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt, even in her pinafores How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! how gaily rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh No one but Mary Moore could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips I followed that laugh the days of my childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age, are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and calls me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent off to school, and was obliged to part with Mary We were not to see each other for three long years! This to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things after all.

I left college in all the flush and vigoe of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed I had grown into a tall, slender stripling with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know; but as my youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at that time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue eyed playmate, and then called myself a man again.

"In a year," I thought as the vehicle whirled away from our door, "In a year, or three years at most I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why perhaps then I may marry her"

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she could not condescend to except my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should perhaps have found that I was mistaken.

India was my salvation not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. When at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift to Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and her's engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little ring strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eye of others it was but a small, plain circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it But to me how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet smiling face—all there delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

Tall, bearded and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half suppressed smile on the servant's face

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known or a ked after the family And while I stood silent, a strange apparation grew up before me From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes was lifted up to mine—so like to those that had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain

"What is your name little one?" I asked, while the wandering servant held the door

She lifted up her hands, as if to shade her eyes. I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time, and answered in a sweet bird-voice.

"Mary Moore"

"And what else," I asked quickly

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of youthful manhood. Frank Chester my boyish rival, who had often tried and tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank body and soul beneath this blow. And hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the door and called my sister out to see who it was conducting himself so strangely.

I heard light steps, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Do you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well I looked at her a moment, then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh! my brother Harry!" she cried and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprung towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh! strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way worn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung to me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home

There were four intimates of the room who had risen on my sudden entrance One was the blue eyed child I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace; and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home my boy," he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well

"You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know"

"How can you say he is changed," said mother gently "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away—but his eyes and smiles are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart that changed him. He is my boy still"

"Ay, mother," I answered sadly; "I am your boy still"

Heaven help me! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly as I looked in his tall, handsome face.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh.

"My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day"

His wife! Could I hear that and keep silent still?

"And you have seen my little girl," he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek "I tell you, Harry, there is no such another in the world Don't you think she looks very much like her mother use to?"

"Very much," I faltered

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back.

"For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are not to repeat the ceremony. Come here she is, and I, for one, want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost to dazzling, to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought.

"Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. *I kissed the fair cheek of the* young wife and hurried to the silent image looking out of the window

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low eager voice, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly.

"I am glad to see you here, Harry"

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown For there was the happy home groupe, and the dear home fire side, there swert Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and by night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there before me! I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment came.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray I am now growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long, happy, and, I hope, well spent life. And, yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that makes my manhood as bright shines also on my white hair

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of early days To me she can never grow old nor change The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast out until life shall cease to warm it! Nor even then—for love still lives above.

COMPLAINT OF THE POOR.

A hard winter is before us, and on all sides do we hear the cry of distress, coming up from the ranks of the poor Meat is high, grain is high, wood is high, store goods are high, and all the other necessaries of life are exhorbitantly high in price, while money is scarce and wages low and not in proportion *to the advanced prices of all the articles* which the poor consume The rich and the affluent should not forget the Christian duty they owe to the poor, to the widow and orphan—let them not close their ears to the cry of the destitute, as it goes up all around Let them not wait until the cry reaches their ears, but let them with benevolent hearts seek out the suffering poor, and seek to relieve them The winter before us, brings work for the true Christian; Christ makes it a condition of his followers to give unto the poor, and it is a condition which the true followers of the Saviour cheerfully take upon themselves as a labor of love With prayers you are bidden to have charity To have your prayers only heard by the poor is not sufficient for the true Christian must and will back up his prayers by his acts of Christian benevolence. The poor cannot live off the loud and empty prayers of the rich, but they can live off of their proper Christian benevolence—the two go together—pray and give, for what you give to the poor you lend unto the Lord. We have many professed Christians among us, who have an over abundance of everything, now is the time to let their light shine; the poor and destitute are placed to their especial care by their Master Let none who are able, shrink from this holy duty, it is incumbent upon us all.

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for her sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck erchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing She makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed; and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one' self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business. She compels to dress gaily, whether upon their own property, or that of others; whether agreeable to the will of God or the dictates of pride She ruins health, and produces sickness; destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all She is a terrificator of conscience, a despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion; and no one can be her companion and enemy either She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning and yet, has bands, wives, sons, daughters and servants, black and white, have voluntarily become her subjects and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—M. Erdak, correspondent of the Paris *Temps* at Florence, confirms the report that an arrangement is contemplated by which the various powers are to guarantee to the Pope a small portion of the territory which he still retains. He says: "*A great many* people are convinced, and the Roman (revolutionary) commitee and the Italian government among others, that the only practical settlement of the difficulty is to leave Leoline City and a strip of territory, excluding Civaita Vecchia, but including the port of Palo. According to this plan all that part of Rome on the left bank of the Tidef and the Trastevere, as far as the gate or Porto Santo Spirito, would become exclusively Italian. The Leoline City is walled in, and the Pope could thus feel himself at home.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON FASHION.—"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington, "the females of the present generation are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal to day, and that I know belonged to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, with her hair all buzzled up like as if she hadn't combed it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumpled condition on her head. Why, thus, honest when I was a gal, if any of the fellers came along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old white rag, I would run for dear life, and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconscious critters; now they are what the French calls *blasee*.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

I skercely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very popular with people from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class that I found waitin' at the gates the other mornin'

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis In the future history of firm basises I don't find a basis more firm than this one

"You have no Tower in America," said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination

"Alas, no," I answerd, "we boste of our enterprise and improvements, and yet we are devoid of a Tower America, oh my unhappy country, thou hast got no Tower It's a sweet Boon!"

The gates were opened after a while, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin'-room.

"My frens," said a pale faced little man in black close, "this is a sad day

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said

"I mean it is sad to think that so many people have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me—Others may drop one if they feel like it but as for me I decline The early managers of this institooshun were a bad lot, and their crimes were truly orful, but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago If they were my own relations I couldn't It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occured durin' the *ruin of Henry the Three Let us be cheerful,*" I continued "Look at the festive warders, in their red flannil jackets They are cheerful, and why should it not be thus by with us?"

A warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Traitor's Gate the atrocities and things. The Traitor's Gate is wide enough to admit about twenty traitors abreast, I should judge, but beyond this, I could not see that it was superior to gates in general

Traitors, I will here remark, are a contentious class of people If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traitors They conspire to bust up a country, they fail, and they're traitors. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes

Take the case of Gloster, afterward old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr G was a conspirator of the bussistdye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree But Mr G succeeded, and became great *He was slewed by Col Richmond*, but he lives in history, and his equestrian figure may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other eminent persons, and no extry charge for the warder's able and hootiful lectur.

There is one king in this room who is mounted on a foamin' steed, his right hand graspin' a barber's pole I did'nt learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins are kept is interestin'.—Among this collection of choice cutlery I notist the bow and arrer which those foolharded old chaps used to conduct battles with It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certain tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such an excellent precision that I almost sighed to be a Injun when I was in the Rocky Mountins regin They are a pleasant lot, them Injuns Mr. Cooper and Dr Catlin have told us of the red man's wonderful eloquence, and I found it so Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale face is welcome Brothers! the sun is sinkin' in the west, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin' Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin' extink" He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions

I will remark here, while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailing the fack that every year "carries the humble red man near the settin' sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin' sun They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomashawks But I wander Let us return to the tower

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss whose glass eyes flashes with pride and whose red mocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish armady She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where "Troo to the Core" is being acted, and in which a full baily core is introjooced on board the Spanish admiral's ship, given the audiens the idee that he attends openin' a music hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammar is "Troo to the Core," notwithstandin' the eccentrick conduck of the *Spanish admiral; and very nice* it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truenold a baronet

The warder shows us some instrooments of tortur, such as thumb screws, throat collars, etc; statin' that these were conkered from the Spanish armady, and addin what a crooil people the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited from a bright eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she thought *it was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin' thumbscrews, when he was in a Tower where so many poor people's heads had been cut off. This made the warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin' a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad lookin' man who wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round fling'd such quantities of sassiges into his mouth *that I expected to see* him choo himself to death; he said to me, in the Cenuchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners wait their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is indeed," I answerd. "You're black in the face. You should'nt eat a sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "*I mean this sad, sad* room."

Indeed he was quite right The so long ago oil these dreadful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin crown jewels is kept I was so pleased with the Queen's crown, that it occurred to me what a agreeable suprise it would be to send a similar one home to my wife, and I asked the warder what was the value of a good, well constructed crown like that He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funds I have in the Flat Stock Bank, I concluded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instead

And so I left the Tower It is solid and commandin edifice, but I deny that it is cheerful. I did it adoo without a pang

I was drawn to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four wheeler that I ever saw He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillins "I'll give you six shillins more," I said, "if it hurts you so"

"It isn't that, he said, with a newt rendin groan, "it is only a way I have My mind is upset to day I at one time that I'd drive you into the Thames I've been readin all the daily papers to my and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is totterin It's really wonderful I did not drive you into the Thames"

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could readily find him in case I should want him again, and bid him good bye And then I thought what a frolicksome day I'd made of it

Respectfully, &c,

ARTEMUS WARD

THE WAY TO FIND IT.

A preacher in New York has hit upon a novel way to draw houses He visits the model artists, a class of young women, who imitate Eve in their outward appearance, and don't care a fig who sees them This preacher, like Thomas the disciple, would not take the testimony of living witnesses as to the existence of a fact, he must see and feel for himself, that he might be able to say so, and then implore, we presume, his blessing to those who not having seen yet believed He also visited the dance houses, took a front seat, and with the aid of a strong glass, was able to count the frills and tuckers that don't usually go around the arms, and describe to his congregation with minuteness, the dress and postures of the female dancers as disgusting as the fact he describes Perhaps this Rev Charles Smith intends to carry his investigations further, for the benefit of his congregation and manifest in his own person the penalties of sin, that others may be deterred. If he has adopted the theory, that seeing is believing, he ought to go through the books and not stop at the first chapter A very good way to clinch this new style of teaching by example would be to doubt the virtue of all and proceed to tempt or seduce He may thus be able to divide the wheat from the chaff—and triumphantly vindicate his school. Such harlequins ought to be horsewhipped.—*Ex*

A HEART-RENDING EPISODE.—The London Morning *Herald's* military correspondent gives the following story "A farmer living in a hamlet near Pessnitz, had a wife and two children, and such was the woman's terror of the Prussians, when she heard they were coming, that her husband to satisfy her, placed her in an underground cellar, with her two little ones, and built up the doorway leaving some food inside—The Prussians entered the place, and among others made this poor man accompany them, with his horse and cart for a day's journey as they said But the man was brought on from place to place, and at last when he was suffered to return and reached his own house, several days had elapsed On the way back he began to calculate how little food had been left with his wife and children, an horror stricken at the dreadful thought that their cries might not be heard his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real—He tore down the masonry, and searched for those so dear to him, but only found three lifeless bodies half devoured by rats Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in the hospital, a lunatic."

A RESPONSIBLE TASK.—They tell a good story, in Baltimore, of Gen Wool, who was at one time in command of the Middle Department During the invasion of Maryland, by Stonewall Jackson, rumors were rife in Baltimore that that dubious leader, at the head of fifty thousand men, was marching upon that city As the story goes, Gen Wool, accompanied by his staff, rode on the Frederick turnpike to reconnoitre. As they were returning to the city the General stopped at the toll gate, and, calling the keeper, thus addressed him, in that sharp precise way for which he is so famous: "See here, my man! It is rumored that Jackson and fifty thousand rebels are advancing upon Baltimore by this road. I want you to shut this gate and keep it shut against them If you let a man of them pass through, I'll hold you personally responsible for it"—Leaving the gate keeper overwhelmed with the grave responsibilities of his new duty, the General quietly pursued his way back to the city.—*Ex*

THE LAW.—Two Dutchman who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farm, had a dispute concerning some repair which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing a tendollar bill in his hand, he said:

"I'll give you all dish money if you'll make Hans do justice mit de bride."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"No more ish five dollars," replied the dutchman.

"Very well," replied the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the dutchman slowly, "yaas that ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

FAST YOUNG MEN—HOW "STYLE" IS PUT ON, AND AT WHOSE EXPENSE.

A Sixty-on copies a week [illegible] sges will not enable a fast young man to live in a large city and move in what is called good society. He must have a rich uncle to keep him, supply his exchequer and keep him out of the [illegible] not and keep him out of the [illegible] life need only be [illegible] made from new [illegible] fighting only in the country [illegible] popinjay of fleet young man [illegible] many men's be would they can do [illegible] him He has not what [illegible] muscular time which [illegible] labor further than lifting [illegible] swearing round He [illegible] purpose [illegible] squeezes [illegible] these sizes [illegible] the image of a [illegible] time known the [illegible] never have been his intimate [illegible] clothes of the latest cut, jewelry [illegible] and spotted gold headed cane [illegible] the personal marks, but the trait [illegible] character [illegible] understands is the former but [illegible] seen nor likes the latter only [illegible] the Opera and [illegible] balls. His name is found in [illegible] fashionable [illegible] his custom [illegible] them. We do not [illegible] young men *as they are harmless* [illegible] to keep in trade [illegible] "sixteen cents a week will not pay their extravagances if no remonstrance followed

We have a case in our mind's eye of a recent occurrence, which goes to show at least how one unfortunate was ruined in life in his efforts to keep up the character of a fast young man He was engaged in one of our popular dry goods stores at a salary of fifteen dollars per week His extravagant life caused persons outside of the house to suspect that his pecuniaries must need be large or salary heavy He was a favorite card among the girls and was cited as an example to economical young men who aspired to gallantry. He took meals at the Monongahela, was out driving nearly every evening and had season seats for sell and ladies at every opera which came along. His employers suspicioned a huge Norway and a trip was set to catch the youth He was discovered, and confessed to having carried on a systematic course of robbing by making false returns of sales, ever since he was in their employ The merchants lost, perhaps, in the aggregate, thousands of dollars from his operations—A compromise was made, and, completely ruined, the youth took his departure to a Southern city, to lead, we trust, a better life We will not publish his name, but let the young men who are now living above their means, take warning from his fate—He might have been honored and respected had he confined his expenses to less than *his income, and not sought to lead in the* detestable gang of fast men.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

THE CHICAGO TIMES AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—The new born zeal of the Chicago *Times* in favor of negro suffrage is bottomed upon conceptions of its own, in respect to party policy By coming out upon that side, the Democratic party would according to its idea, fall into the shortest road to its "ressendency" In other words it would climb to power by committing an act of delinquency, which would entitle it to decline in infamy, and fall into dissolution—It assumes—that which several Radical journals and politicians zealously deny—that the proposed Constitutional amendments carry negro suffrage with them, and that by the late elections the ratification of those amendments by three fourths of the States is made inevitable If the little assumption were true if the question of negro suffrage [illegible] as it assumes, already determined, the accession of the Democratic party would come *awfully too late*, and it would make nothing by its motion, but a declaration of principle at once gratuitous and ridiculous It would imply admit after it has been contested that it has been labouring unjustly and against its own convictions Its acts would be a voluntary kissing of the rod after the castigation has been inflicted.—*Cone nauts Enquirer*

RICH MEN'S SONS.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered at Plymouth Church, last Sunday evening, produced the following picture of rich men's sons:

"Men seem ashamed of labor, and often you shall find men who have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say:

"You shall never as I did, you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all of this" Oh, these rich men's sons! They are to lead a life of elegant leisure; and that is a life of consecrated idleness and laziness Like the polypus that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle no bone—it shuts and odens, and opens and shuts and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence, or use Such are these poor fools—Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their frames of iron and bone, but, denying all this to their sons, they turn them upon the world boneless, muscleless, simple grizzle, and soft at that. What if you do get your time reduced to eight hours, and wages increased to $5, does that educate you?—*Ex.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A letter received in New York, from St John's, New Brunswick, states that a part of a wrecked American whale ship have arrived there, who bring very interesting information of discoveries made by C. F. Hall, respecting the Franklin expedition. Mr Hall has in his possession a gold watch, some silver spoons and other relics, supposed to belong to the Franklin party. He also learned that the remains of some of Franklin's men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay in the Arctic regions, where they had been placed by the natives after death. The natives would not permit Mr. Hall to go on and examine them; but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is believed Mr. Hall will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are situated.—*Ex.*

THE UNSAILING CRUSE.

[illegible]

THIS THAT AND THE OTHER.

[illegible]

—"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, *reflected by the pathetic of the answer*, and the earnestness of the boy, whose eye and flushed face was the unmistakable evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, and took the way up in the sky and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me I have no home, nobody to give me anything and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me as mother said he would He will come won't he? Mother never told a lie"

"Yes my lad," said the gentleman overcome with emotion "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said:

"Mother never told a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES.—*Frazers Magazine* tells the follywing on Daniel Webster, while speaking under the influence of convival potations:

At a public dinner, where Webster was to speak, he had to be prompted by a friend, and, on his making a pause, the friend behind insinuated "national debt." Webster at once fired up: "And gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid, and, if it can't be, I'll pay it myself! How much is it?" And as he made this query, with drunken seriousness, of a gentleman near him, taking out his pocket book, which was always notoriously empty, the absurdity was too much for the audience.

Another of his speeches is reported in full, as follows "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high That is a very interesting fact Gentlemen, Rome had her Cresar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, so on No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!"

—Harper's *Weekly*, before the war, was the meanest pro slavery sheet published in the country. Now it is the meanest Radical paper issued from the American press. The last number is full of vile caricatures of President Johnson In all countries but ours the Chief Magistrate is generally treated with some show at least of respect.—With us he is a mere target for abuse and insult, and the standing subject of caricature. That class of persons called by courtesy clergymen, but who are neither more nor less, with here and there an honorable *exception, than politicians using the pulpit* for a stump, have been particularly foul-mouthed in their allusions to the President. Outside of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, the clerical profession may be said to have ceased to exist in this country, the clergyman having merged himself in the politician No wonder that the profession is at a low ebb, and attract but few young men of ability into the ranks.—*Boston Commercial*

SHOCKING A "SPINSTER."—The boarders in a fashionable house were assembled in the public parlor one evening, when an old antiquated maiden lady, who never seemed to have any employment but admiring her jewelry and dresses, slipped out the remark that she loved a rainy day, and always availed herself of it to arrange her drawers. "So do I," growled out an old sea captain. "I overhaul my drawers, and shirts too, sometimes, and saw a button or a string where it is needed." Mademoiselle did not faint; but there was an angry rustle of silks, as she swept out of the room, leaving all to exchange a suppressed titter for a good hearty laugh.

A POOR woman and her child lately settled in a Western city and were greatly reduced and in need of food. The child seeing a chicken in the back yard, wanted to kill it and have a pot pie. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked and God would surely punish you."

"Then," said the youngster, looking up, "let's move back to Boston, there ain't any God there.

—A newspaper says: A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with panniers on which he never spoke afterwards.

THE ERROR OF THE NORTH.

If, says the Richmond *Whig*, the Northern people could by miracle, be shown the real condition of the South—could see into the interior of our household and business affairs—could see how straitened we are in our circumstances—could learn how many families that hitherto knew experimentally, little of life save its enjoyments and luxuries, and now brought face to face with its enjoyments and privations—could see the struggle that is going on in every household for the bare necessities of life, and comprehend that is practiced and the patient endurance of old and young male and female [illegible] they could see how eager all are for some honest employment, however humble that will yield a bare livelihood—could see how tolerant those who owned hundreds of slaves, who were at there beck and call every moment of the live long day, now cooked provisions, and wait upon themselves [illegible] could see the poorest kind of [illegible] could see the poorest in life [illegible] people, those who [illegible] parts [illegible] people [illegible] by a miracle be shown the [illegible] we could wonder at their own [illegible] and exclaim in astonishment [illegible] [illegible] Yankees [illegible] South [illegible] measures [illegible] things [illegible] when the Southern people are [illegible] deep [illegible] and [illegible] sympathy [illegible] and desire [illegible] peace to our [illegible] affairs.

A LESSON OF THRIFT.—Some time ago a boy was [illegible] in the street, evidently [illegible] intelligent, but sick A man who [illegible] strongly [illegible] what he was doing there

Waiting for God to come for me, sir

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, [illegible]

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"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, and took the way up in the sky and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me I have no home, nobody to give me anything and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me as mother said he would He will come won't he? Mother never told a lie"

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